



HOLIDAYS IN

ROMANIA

97

XXI Year —
VI Series

English Edition of **România**
pitorească

Illustrated Monthly Review Published
by the Ministry of Tourism

Subscription (transport fare include):
1 year — 10 U.S. dollars

Neither tree,
nor stone, no place
for dogs to piddle!

Loves me, loves me not.

Did it actually
belong to Robinson?



The sea air, rich in oxygen and ozone, loaded with marine aerosols of sodium, sulphates and iodine, is slightly humidified by the breeze which blows from sea towards the land. They start blowing at about 9—10 in the morning and get stronger in the afternoon.

The documents signed by **Publius Ovidius Naso**, Ovid — the poet exiled at Tomis (now called Constanța) by order of the emperor in the 8 year A.D. came down to us from Augustus' time. The poet died here 9 years later. His "Sad Poems" and "Pontus Epistles" made him the most famous of the travellers of the antiquity who visited the shores of the Black Sea. He put down the words he addressed to him by an old man: "We also, fine guest, know the meaning of friendship, we, a people living so far from you, at Pontus and Istru". **Ptolemy**, the father of geography, indicates the borders of Dacia and the name of 44 towns, in the third book of his Geography. He is also the author of the first map of that area, a map rendering with an amazing accuracy — the course of the Danube and the coast of the Black Sea. The map, in fact a later copy from the 9th—11th centuries, was found in 1840 at the monastery on Mount Athos and it was published in Paris in 1867. **Claudius Aemilius** wrote about the fishes of the Black Sea and "the sheep from Pontus, fattened on absinth" — probably the Dobrudja wormwood — "which makes their meat tastier".

You may try it nowadays at the restaurants "Berbecul" (Ram) in Eforie North or at Orient (East) in Mamaia.

In the 5th—6th century A.D. the grammarian **Priscian** makes some remarks about the Black Sea and the island at the mouth of the Danube, the name of which — Leuce — (the White one) he explains through the great number of snow white birds: "pascit aves quoniam multos candore nivali".

The teeming life in the depths of the Black Sea comprises several fishes, among which blue herrings, anchovies, sea gudgeons, red and grey mullets, and the precious sturgeons — caviar producers. Its most friendly inhabitants — the dolphins — give real shows at the Constanța Delphinarium.

Beginning with **Giovanni da Carignano** (1309) the navigation maps of the Black Sea and Danube area get more numerous and more exact. By the end of the 14th century, the Romanian kingdoms were set up, and the king of Wallachia, **Mircea the Old**, ruled up to "the Large Sea", as did Stephen the Great (1457—1504). The latter king of Moldavia also occupied the citadels-ports at the mouth of the Danube; both of these kings were concerned with the resistance to Ottoman expansion. They preserved the gate to the Black Sea as a well defended gate assuring an opening towards the rest of the world.



HOURS



OF THE COAST

Two circles of sun

Hotels "Comandor" and "Amiral" in Mamaia



A trip by oneself, isn't this just half of a pleasure? Maybe this is the reason why travel agencies made their appearance in the world: to help people get rid of boredom and even of the fear of a solitary holiday by organizing a happy get-together around a vacation time! The tourist agencies and clubs call us to the mountains, hills and fields, to islands and peninsulas, everywhere where there is a spot with shade, green grass, rivers and flowers, smart hotels and intimate little houses and tents! Let us say the truth; few of the holiday makers of the world would give up their place on the beach, close to the sea waves, for the most mysterious jungle landscape! The unique joy of the sea is a "strong point" for any serious travel agency, it attracts both youngsters and elderly people. Looking for news, we entered for a short time into the office of **Vasile Trandafir**, director of the ONT Litoral Headquarters, the host of all the tourists who come to spend their holiday in the Romanian resorts on the coast. It seemed only natural to learn that the figure of over 100 firms we cooperate with at present includes many new partners. The agreements concluded for 1979 with these new partners brought to the Romanian coast many new holiday makers happy to spend their vacation here; guests sent by the firms **Global, Marine Holiday, Intasun and Pickford** (England), **Hetzel and Rotours** (West Germany), **Unisol and Opertravel** (Denemark), **Shiwa and Sunsnacks** (Belgium), **Norskfolke Ferie** (Norway), **Iris** (France).

"We have the pleasure to work with some more new companies for 1980: **Blue Skies** and **Sunbound** in Ireland, **Iugotours** in England and **Skandinavien Touring** in Sweden, said Trandafir. And, as the figure 8 in 1980 consists of two circles, we also promise twice as much sun, assisted by our friend Ra!"

IN THIS TIME OF INFLATION IT IS HARD TO GET SUCH AN OFFER

said **Allan Wright**, representative of the Global company.

"You are for the first time in Romania, like your tourists. Why did Global choose Romania's coast for its tours?"

"First, because we wanted new horizons for our holidays. Personally I have accompanied tourists to



VASILE TRANDAFIR, manager of NTO Littoral



ALLAN WRIGHT of the Global Co-England, invites you to Mamaia on the Black Sea Coast

Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Balear Islands. I am a young man, but the Global company has plenty of experience. The agreement offered by Romania was a good one, for both parties. In this time of inflation it is hard to get such an offer."

"What is the itinerary for the tour?"

"Our tourists had two itineraries offered in 1978; most of them preferred the coast. More exactly, of the total figure of 16,000 tourists only 4,000 choose the programme including a week in Braşov and a week at seaside. One about 80% are people aged over 40, from all social categories, and from all over England. Relaxation is of course their main aim."

"Do you like what our coast has to offer?"

"We are at the beginning of our cooperation, but the beginning was good. The weather was so wonderful that it would be hard to order anything finer for a vacation at the sea. This is a most important psychological argument, for this is what most people are looking for sunshine and beach. The sand is extraordinarily fine, children are very fond of it. As the water is shallow near the shore parents do not need to worry about the little ones. People interested to see some other parts of Romania may take trips to Bucharest and the Danube Delta. For us, the Delta is a unique experience! The evenings of Romanian folklore or Romanian cuisine are quite successful. (Englishmen are very fond of "mititei", little sausages, and "sarmale"). The restaurant Nunta Zamfirei (Zamfira's Wedding) in Eforie has become quite popular. In the evening young people go to discothèques, to the restaurants "Vatra" and "Mioritza", "Melody bar" in Mamaia, "Căţunul" (the Hamlet) in Aurora, or the "International" in Olymp."

"How do you spend your time?"

"Oh... my favorite entertainment, if I may call it so, is to get a spare moment, five minutes at least, and drink a cup of coffee and a lemonade together with my wife and our little son Alexander. And to have no one around asking me questions!"

"I'm sorry, we just wanted to put one more question. What are the intentions of the Global company for next year — 1980?"

"As I have already said, the contract was profitable for both sides, so the tentative programme for 1980 stipulates an increase of the number of tourists by 25%!"

A Marshal's staff

HOURS



Well, what might a staff suggest to us? To some people, the image of a traveller (maybe out of E. M. Foster's splendid stories) valiantly climbing some mountain paths. To others, still longing after Bel Ami's epoch, that of a smart character wearing a dinner jacket, stiff collar and a monocle, leaning impressively upon a knob representing a swan's, lion's or leopard's head... However, once in a while **D. Octavian Stănescu**, director of the Mangalia balneal sanatorium, shows his patients and friends a different kind of staff. It is a gift he had received from a former patient who had come to him a very sick man, but had presented the doctor with the stick after the treatment, before leaving, as he no longer needed it. He had been one of those people — unfortunately, there are many of them all over the world — who need crutches and even an invalid's cart. So I thought that the staff keeps as a souvenir by Dr. Stănescu symbolically stood for a "marshal's staff". The metaphor taken over from the famous Napoleonic legend points at a most serious truth: the fact that modern balneology may achieve marvels, turn a suffering person, hopeless for many years, into a Marshal called a Healthy Person. The secrets of these miracles are at everybody's disposal: muds, sea water, numerous balneal treatments — ranging from electrotherapy and hydrotherapy to a medical gym — carried out in modern well-equipped halls and rooms. The skill, love, and patience of the doctors and of the whole medical staff deserves special mention. You may convince yourself by visiting any one of the large balneal sanatoria in **Eforie North, Mangalia, Neptune, and Venus**, in any season; these people work together with the tireless sea, which, besides being a fine place for a sunny holiday, is also a friendly and particularly efficient therapist.

THE FEARFUL MINERVA NECKLACE

The cases described in this review over the years could be put together to make an exciting book, quite useful for people of any age. Their number is very impressive at the sanatoria in Eforie North and Mangalia; so are the letters of gratitude — living proof of the miracles achieved by modern balneology.

Dr. Octavian Stănescu told us that lately the Mangalia sanatorium, of which he is the director, has become well known not only for the usual treatments, but also for the treatment of quite difficult cases. One of them was **Dr. Walter Backs** (Hamburg — West Germany). After undergoing some surgery of the brain in 1971, he had severe neurologic disorders and a whole series of recuperation treatment had proved fruitless. He came to the Mangalia sanatorium in a condition of semiparesis but after an intensive treatment (thermotherapy, swimming pool, medical gym) he was able to leave, and he left his cane behind!

The case of **Paulette Zapatta**, a medical nurse in Nice, was even more spectacular. Aged 55, as a result of a fall and an operation, she had suffered complications which left her in a state of a spastic paraparesis. Her husband brought her into a paralytic cart. After the treatment undergone in the Mangalia sanatorium, the doctors had the great joy to see her leaving on her own feet, though leaning upon a cane, with prospects of being able to help herself. She was no longer haunted by the image of an invalid's life. The fact that people cry with joy in such cases is quite understandable. "The more impressive are the tears, as the patient becomes a victim of an accident which him a cripple at a flourishing age" Dr. Stănescu told us with a smile, contemplating the happy, attractive, and bright face of a woman dressed in a green dressing gown. Her eyes were staring at him with confidence and gratitude. **Rose Mary Nikonof**, from Sarreguemines (France) underwent a serious trauma, in an automobile accident. At the beginning it was believed she had a fracture, and she had been kept for months in a plaster cast. She slept very badly at night. She had great pains, she was wearing a fearful Minerva necklace round her neck. It consisted of two circles. After careful examination of the X-ray record, we decided to take them off and start the treatment. Now look at her... Who would guess that she suffered during so many days and nights, a prey to a nervous depression as painful as the physical sufferings which brought her in despair to us?

I HAVE BEEN SO UNHAPPY

I saw a tall, tanned woman, radiating fine health and gaiety, and we could not believe that she was indeed the Rose Mary Nikonof, the patient who had worn that awful necklace round her neck.

"I am a high spirited person by nature with confidence in life, she confessed to us. I married an engineer when I was 19, and I had a happy marriage. I bore two daughters, one is 26 years old and married, the other one is 24. You can understand how upset I was by that accident. I suffered immensely, I thought I would always be unhappy, unable to enjoy the grandchildren I would like so much to have. One day, Professor Kehr, a famous orthopaedist in Strasbourg, warmly recommended Mangalia to me. He was himself very satisfied with the treatment he had undergone, for a hernia. I owe a lot to Dr. Stănescu, particularly for the fact he has shown in quieting me during those difficult moments. I have seen that Mangalia is for many sick people a source of happiness. As all people say, good health is the first requirement for happiness."

"Do you still feel any slight pains?" "Not at all. I feel great; I even feel rejuvenated. In fact I take advantage of the situation and have some Gervol shots too. Every day I feel better, the sun seems to get bigger, the blue of the sea is more intensive. I am delighted with Mangalia and the Romanians who

surround me with friendliness and warmth. My stay at this sanatorium — I can say it now, as I feel in good health — may also be looked upon as a **rejuvenation cure**. Many Parisians, and friends of ours from Nice, come here; we meet and we feel like a real holiday family. I did not feel "estranged" for one moment, as we, the French people, would fear to."

"Isn't such a treatment-holiday tiring, in the end?"

"Not at all! We are busy all the day with the multitude of treatments, but they are really relaxing in every respect. I have been coming here for six years. I also took some trips to some other regions of Romania. First I visited Constanța, then the Danube Delta and the North of Moldavia, where I saw famous painted churches so many people from all over the world come to see. Since I came here for the first time, I do not dream of letting one year pass without coming to Mangalia. It is more than mere gratitude which brings me back. I may be called a friend of the Romanian coast."

TEETH LIKE A MOVIE STAR

Age (when chance and skill transform it into a victory over time) may also be looked upon as a category of art — esthetes agree on this. I thought of it as I looked at the silky white hair of Mrs. **Estela Herschel de Merly** forming youthful curls. Her eyes were clear, full of curiosity, her hands fine and beautiful; her heart-winning, splendid smile revealed wonderful pearl-like teeth. At the age of 82, Mrs. Herschel crossed the ocean, showing that the distance between Buenos Aires (Argentina) and Mangalia was no obstacle to an eighty year old. She was suffering from rheumatism and decided to "attack" it by undertaking a treatment at this smart and friendly sanatorium. She had learned good things about it."

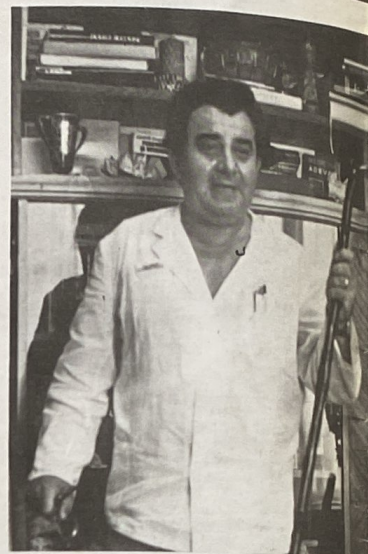
"As you see, we are delighted, Mrs. Herschel, by what you seem to embody — the eternal feminine charm which would have troubled even the famous Weimar writer. There must be a secret for that splendid age of 82 of yours!"

Dr. Octavian Stănescu

Professor Schaffer of Deventer (Holland) has recovered her health and high spirits in Mangalia

Mrs Estela Herschel de Merly, aged 82, a tremendous victory over Time

Mrs. Rose Mary Nikonof "I was very unhappy!"





"You must believe me that I never thought of it! I did nothing in particular. I just lived the way other people do. I had a lot of problems, family and financial ones. I found within myself more strength to overcome it. Maybe it is a thing of structure. I might have what you call a happy structure."

"I understand you are not pleading for a carefree life."

"Oh no! I am a mother, I have three sons and one daughter. One of the boys is a doctor, he is married and lives in France, in the Antibes. I got married at the age of 20. Unfortunately my husband left me much too early; he died when I was 56. He belonged to a family of famous English astronomers of German origin. He was a good dentist."

"Would this account for your wonderful teeth?"

"It would have been worthwhile to use them as an ad. Truth is, that is how they have always been; I have never had any problems with my teeth. I do have some trouble with my stomach, however, and I intend to use Mangalia to cure this too."

"Are you satisfied with this first encounter with the Romanian coast?"

"I liked what I found here. Even the weather was fine. I took long walks in the afternoon with my friends, after treatment. I have visited the resort of Neptune, and I have learned about the deer and hares living in its forest. The landscape seems to be made for holidays."

"Do you have any special regimen for such free days?"

"No, just the usual one. I go to bed by midnight and I get up about half past seven or eight in the morning."

Suspect that Commander **Pierre Daniel Charboneau**, an eighty year old gentleman from Marseille, must have had a similar regimen, and good health. He had come for the fourth time to our country. Besides those we have mentioned, thousands of holidays makers and patients have a good time on the coast, twenty-year-old youths or grandparents who had come to contemplate the Black Sea. Anyway, the balneal hours were strictly timed according to medical programs by the big clock of the coast; its aim was to help everyone enjoy fine health!

The mud — a natural all-heal

One, two, three or how to get rid of rheumatism?!



HOURS



OF THE COAST

Holiday Beauties

This idea was originated by a dream. Do you still remember the film in which the late Gerard Philipe travelled about the epochs as a lonely poor man, trying to find among the shadows of the night, "the eternal feminine charm"? We thought at that time that there was a Mephisto within each of us who urged us to try and stop the moment, that the summers of the sea hold so many real dreams with red, copper, brown cheeks which shouldn't be missed by any eye who can appreciate beauty!

Haven't you seen them upon the beach, in hotel lobbies, in boats, buses, upon sport grounds, alleys, under the moon shine, coming out of the froth of the waves like as many new Aphrodites? The tall Swedish or Norwegian girls with the mysterious peace of the fjords in their looks, Polish maids with echos of mazzurka upon their shoulders, Japanese girls walking bewildered like as many cherry flowers, fair women from the country of Lorelei, smart Franch women bringing along the shadow of some devoted d'Artagnan, women with caressing voices as if out of Cehov's stories... Well, walking day and night from one end of the coast to the other, our esthetes with cameras stole their smiles, looks, and grace, making one moment immortal, and enabling us to include these photos in our little album.



Radio-Holiday Times

HOURS



OF THE COAST

Dreams About Fish

9 o'clock belongs to Radio Holiday. The coast is flooded with the sounds of the waltz "The Waves of the Danube" by Romanian Iosif Ivanovich, in a modern interpretation.

"This is Radio Holiday. Listen to the summer broadcasts of the Romanian radio-television". The announcement is given in five languages: Romanian, German, English, Russian, and French.

I listen and I wonder if the people who thirteen years ago chose this music as the signal of the Coast broadcast thought that the Danube would some day unite with the Black Sea. This is what in fact will happen in 1982 when the Danube will join the Black Sea through a manmade canal, some dozens of miles South of the natural mouth of the great European river.

My thoughts are interrupted by the noise at the entrance. The first lost child has been brought in. The editor-in-charge takes a sedative in secret and starts the investigations. He must find out what language the child speaks, what the nationality of the child is. This is hard. Most little children do not want to speak. They cry. And all nations cry alike. Then the visual examination of the child starts, to find some distinguishing features to use in a broadcast description. The notice is given, then we wait. Everybody is waiting. The little ones do not want to wait. The start crying! Meanwhile, the number of children gets bigger. This happens between 11:30 and 12:00. About 4-5 children are brought there, little boys and girls, and they start a weeping chorus. The noise becomes unbearable. The editor-in-charge calls for help. Expert help. For instance, the French editor is a unique imitator of cats, the editor-in-charge of frogs, and the deputy editor-in-chief pretends to be able to sing marches! In fact, he sings only one march... *Bandiera Rossa*... When he starts singing, with the best intention, of course, the children with a real musical ear cry even louder. Anyway, the editor-in-charge sings. The frog and cat imitations keep the children quiet for a few seconds. These grown-ups do not understand that it is not a circus that they want, but their mommy or daddy. And then the noise reaches its peak. The little frog imitated by the editor-in-chief becomes a big frog, and the little cat starts a "dog" repertory.

The next moment, the boss makes his appearance. The editor-in-chief of the Radio Holiday frowns and asks:

"What's going on here?"

Of course he knows, but this is what bosses are like; they just ask. And then, a wonder takes place. The little ones stop weeping. They already know that you have to keep quiet when a boss shouts.

But the peace is like anything else, temporary. The repertory is resumed; some mother who has lost all her children joins the chorus. But mothers are paid no attention. They get eventually a glass of water and a sedative.

There was one exception, one day in July. One of the little lost boys, about four and a half years old, was not weeping.

"Why do you not cry?" I asked him full of curiosity. "I didn't even weep when I fell from the balcony!" He answered full of dignity, watching like a psychologist the behaviour of his age mates.

He didn't ween, but when he saw his father, he hid behind the editor-in-charge. His father's looks foretold a good beating. What had happened? It seemed that the "balcony flyer" had left his parents of his own free will and pretended to be lost. Why? He wanted to hear his name on Radio Holiday and to see how a broadcast was done. As everybody interceded for him, he was forgiven, and even shown how a broadcast at Radio Holiday was prepared.

In fact, the recipe is quite simple. Take some light music and folk music of the best quality, enough to represent about 80% of the whole programme. Add some speech to it. Not much, and in five languages. Political information, cultural artistic news, and many recommendations



for the Romanian and foreign tourists as to how to spend their time on the coast. Particularly when it rains or the weather is cloudy. Now and then you announce the lost children. Jokes, humor, merriment. The hole recipe has to cover 7 hours a day; 5 in the morning and 2 in the evening. The product is delivered both before and after the sea baths. But it does not sunburn, though doctors do give some advice on Radio Holiday.

Oops, I started writing and I completely forgot about our editor-in-charge who has to struggle with another team of lost children. Please excuse me, I have to resume my part as a frog!

I dreamt of tying a strong rope around a yoke between a pair of strong horses. At the other end of the rope I fastened a long spike fashioned into a sharp barbed hook. I put the carcass of a steer on the hook and threw it into the waters of the Istru river to lure the sheat fish. Smelling the bull meat, a huge fish rises from the mud and makes for it. It takes hold of the carcass, gives a strong pull, almost draws the horses back. I urge the horses with shouts and make the whip swing. The huge fish could not get away, though it fought fiercely and furiously shook the rope. Finally we defeated the fish and pulled it upon the bank where we killed it with a club. We cut it into big slices to roast it upon the red coals of a whole oak tree. We were one hundred and one men — a centurion plus me — and the party lasted a whole day and a whole night. We emptied the wine barrels, but we couldn't eat the whole fish...

I have borrowed the dream about the huge fish from the pages written by the Roman scholar **Claudius Aemilianus** — the one who, one thousand six hundred years ago, presented in his book *Peri zoon* (About animals) this famous means of fishing learned by the Romans from the Dacians and Gets they had defeated. It is also Aemilianus who assures us that Pontus Euxinus — the ancient name of the Black Sea — "has plenty of fish".

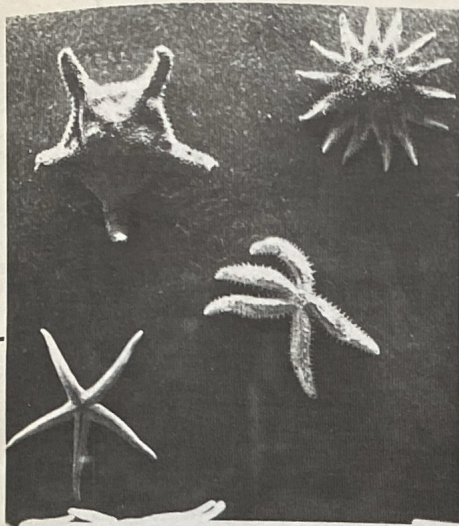
...The sea grass waves and opens secret paths of the depths to us. Among its leaves the parachute of a medusa goes down, near a graceful sea horse. A school of red-spotted fish with whiskers quickly passes by: these are the red mullets, much appreciated by the ancient people too. Next come the blue herrings, shadowing the tiny anchovies. Suddenly all of the small fish vanish as a shadow about one meter long appears: it is the sea dog, the harmless shark of the Black Sea, a fish which never approaches the shore. A young sturgeon comes by fearlessly, for it is bigger than the shark; the king of the sturgeons may reach a length of 5 meters and weigh 1,200 kg. Once I had seen such a monster in the Sf. Gheorghe fishing ground, in the Danube Delta, where the fishermen would eat the caviar taking it with a wooden scoop directly from the open belly of the fish. Now the sturgeon comes straight towards us, it comes so close that we see its "buttons", the projections resembling pyramids upon its back.

Under the rocks a group of sea gudgeons seem to have started a dance. Nearby the sand moves and the lazy plaice comes out of it, its back painted exactly like the sea bottom. Fat grey mullets pass by in groups, and the horse mackerels resemble as many arrows shot upon the battle ground. We witness a mute ballet...

The vision of the fish of the Black Sea — and of all its 175 species — is not borrowed, nor even dreamed: I really experienced it in the dark corridors of the Constantza Aquarium; every child feels here a real Cousteau, or Captain Nemo. And here, each of us becomes a child once more.

...The dolphin jumps straight as a sword, catching the little fish I have ready for him. Playfully he returns, following me and "laughing" with short hiccups, like a child. He wants the ball, I know. I throw the ball and no polo player in the world could take it from the dolphin; he is so delighted that he shows the ball back at me on the shore, making me wet from head to foot. He seems to be standing upon the water waiting to get it back...

A dream of dolphins, acrobats of the Black Sea, though they are mammals, not fish, calling for applause at the Delphinarium near Mamaia. If you are lucky, you may see them some September days offering free shows, out in the sea



itself, coming close to the shore, jumping over the waves, waiting for you to throw a ball to them.

...Suddenly the tip of the rod trembles. At the end of the line, two dark gudgeons are struggling. Our pail is almost full after only two hours of fishing. There is nothing dreamlike here, for the sea gudgeon is a greedy fish, so even a beginner may set a record. A short birch rod (3—4 meters), a nylon thread of 0.20 mm with a flat piece of lead and two hooks — this is all you need to look for gudgeons near the rocks of the dam. The bait is available at the sea shore too: some shells, broken shells. Their yellow meat immediately "calls" the fish. The gudgeons bite violently and repeatedly, but if we haven't pulled the line immediately it takes refuge under the stones and then it is better



to wait, otherwise we lose the hook. After some time, the fish comes out of hiding; we can tell by the movement of the catgut.

The horse mackerel, another fish which comes close to the shore, may be caught with the help of a hook masked by a tiny hen down. For the fine blue herring, a fresh anchovy must be used as bait. Experienced fishermen with rod and reel may enjoy grey mullet fishing, throwing out the line some 30—40 meters from the shore, with 3—4 hooks, and worms as bait. The grey mullet is a shy and capricious fish; it must be caught as soon as it bites. If you miss it, do not worry; the sea is wonderful, you may change the fishing place, or try the fresh water lakes where the bobbing cork signals the prey.

You may eventually give up the ways of experienced fisherman and go to the rocks with a simple tool, to get some gudgeons. Even children cannot miss them...

"Am I not right, Adi Fus?"

"Am I not right, Gerhard Thruemer?"

Some recipes to cheer you up



During one season the Romanian sea-side resorts 'swallow': 11,000 t fresh vegetables, 2000 t fruit, 14 million Pepsi-Cola bottles, 900,000 bottles of tonic water, 270,000 l nectar, 2 million bottles of soft drinks, 1 million l of mineral water, 140,000 hl beer, 5000 t meat, 600 t fish, 600 t meat-produces, 33,000 hl dairy produce, 400 t butter, 700 t cheese, a.s.o...



Gargantua would have surely enjoyed the Romanian Black Sea Coast! To tell you the truth, I often wonder how to put an end to these mundane instincts, at least for some time and here, where the spirit-stimulated by an amber light, a salty breeze and the cries of terns — should concentrate on life's fundamental secrets... Well, I have to admit that I did my outmost to turn into an ascetic, to detach myself from all that is mundane and to meditate deeply; I might even confess that 'I have also seen ideas' as a great Romanian writer put it. But everything lasted for no more than one or two hours. A certain melancholy ingratiated itself with me and sapped all my noble intentions; blue pessimism replaced this lingering melancholy. And, alas, this was no the time to 'see ideas'...

My spirits were rather low, and I walked aimlessly through SATURN, when all of a sudden, my attention was drawn by

THE RESCUEING PELICAN

For indeed, its pleasant architecture, with the gigantic beak and pouch fit to store many fish, arrested my eye. The sun was tormenting me, so I hurried to what seemed a fish-restaurant with a thatched roof. Though my eyes were already tired from too high and intensive a meditation I managed to make out the name of the place

"PELICAN — a fish restaurant". The very moment I entered this blessed and cool place — thatch is an ideal insulator — I realized that this was the place to disperse all my bitter thoughts. For the 'Pelican' had stored quite a lot in its pouch: sturgeons, sterlets, herrings, sevrugas, zanders, wallers, carps — each fish can be prepared in 4—5 manners. The menu displayed also palatable scarlet lobsters with garlic sauce, red Manchuria caviar or carp caviar flavoured with lemon juice. It appears that the preparation secret of carp caviar is contained in these words "A spendthrift should pour the oil, a madman should whip them and a niggard should add the lemon juice"... I jotted down for you the special fish-dish prepared by the chef **Eugen Diaconescu** and I assure you it's worth trying: **Baked Filleted Zander with Mushrooms** Cut fillets of zander, add sliced onion, salt and laurel. Cook for 10 minutes. Be careful it should not break. Lay it on a clean napkin. The sauce is prepared of flour, egg yolks and milk and should have the density of sour cream. Lay the fish in this sauce fold over and bake it in the oven for another 10 minutes, but not before adding scraped cashcaval (Romanian pressed cheese). Chop up and sauté the mushrooms. Garnish the fish with this sauce and sprinkle with lemon juice. And do not forget the white, dry and cool wine, which necessarily should be served with this dish.



Again exhausted by my spiritual torments I chose to enter the **MAMAIA holiday village**. Needless to say, that my choice was rendered extremely difficult since this is the meeting-place of gourmet restaurants with dishes specific to each and every of Romania's districts. However, I made up my mind, whereupon I entered the **Mehedinti House**. And, I never had cause to regret it. The first course was a strength-giving **Broth with Force-meat Balls** sprinkled with **sheep yoghurt**. Next came **Roast Meat, Outlaw Manner**. These outlaws — sappy firebrand, with their pistols always ready, were far from showing bad taste! The dish consists of cut grilled meat, sprinkled lavishly with garlic sauce. Not bad at all for a start! And after tasting the Mehedinți Stew, I must confess that I was cheered up no end. The truth is, that the Murfatlar red wine — Cabernet — played quite a role in my exhilaration. Rafael Alberti, the great poet, said that this wine 'sings on the palate'. And right he was, since this is the most suited wine to be served with the palatable Mehedinți Stew whose recipe I jotted down during a talk with **Ana Dan** (mother Ana — as the restaurant's clients call her). Cut the pork meat into portions. Brown them on all sides. Put the meat in a casserole, and fry it in the lard. Sprinkle flour and minced onions. Transfer meat into another casserole, add tomato sauce, pepper, pimento garlic, laurel, savory, 1 glass of red wine. Pour over water, and braise for 30 minutes. When it is ready, sprinkle with chopped dill and parsley. Serve with hot polenta and red wine. Wonder whether your pessimism has not dispersed completely?

A WETHER FOR MR CARBONI

...And still, only some hours later when the darkened sky and its innumerable stars, glittered mysteriously. Vanity stealthily ingratiated itself and again remote galaxies sent their secret messages to me, a poor mortal wandering though **EFORIE NORD**. Suddenly, jocund Italian songs and the appetizing smell of grilled meat and savory, diversified my thoughts. I was close to the **Berbecul** (the Ram) restaurant. No, I don't mean the Aries constellation, but the small tables hidden beneath the vine. Nearby, a wether is grilled on embers — a wether is a Dobrudjan castrated male sheep which, in past times, was reserved only to the sultans of the Ottoman Empire. I drew nearer to see how meat is sprinkled with condiments and spices. On another grill, pastrami, sausages, and roasted chicken. I tasted all of them, and to my surprise the waiters started to dance the 'perinuta' the traditional Romanian dance (to kiss your chosen partner is far from being a sin). It was then I spotted **Mr. Carboni** (obviously a Latin temperament) of **Villerupt (France)**, a cook whose opinion on the Romanian gastronomy should be valued (it is excellent, flavoured, rich, extraordinary) — and this is not the entire quotations. The waiter ordered:

"— A wether for Mr Carboni!"

The stars were nearer than ever. And also the healthy and vigorous laughter of Gargantua overwhelming life's bitterness.



As you very well infer, low spirits can be 'raised' in more than one lace. However, please do not neglect our recommendation:

MAMAIA: Orient, Miorița, Satul de vacanță (holiday village), Vatra, Cherhana, Delta (the last two are fish-restaurants)

CONSTANTA: Casa cu lei (the Lion House), Crama dobrogeană, Furnica

EFORIE NORD: Nunta Zamfirei, Berbecul

NEPTUN: Calul Bălan, Crama Neptun, Popasul Căprioarelor, Internațional

VENUS: Cătuțul

SATURN: Pelican

Sport Sport Sport

I have seen a girl flying a parachute. Not high up in the sky, but at Mamaia, on Siutghiol lake, that greenish-blue reflection resembling a mirror. Its depths hold carp and sole, mullet and gudgeon with fanlike wings. The girl was floating-flying over the water, dreamingly smiling under the thin canvass which made her resemble a huge mushroom on its way to explore the clear air of the day. Who would have dared to ask her what was the time? And what would have been the meaning of such a question, when there is no need to divide into minutes the longed for freedom of the holiday? During the same moment, at Mamaia or

farther on, at Venus or Jupiter, in Saturn or Eforie, so many other holidaymakers speedily crossed the liquid kilometres upon nautical skis or enjoyed having won another tennis game, set new records at the swimming pools or in the sea, played volley, rode hydrobicycles or moved round the funny labyrinth of the minigolf grounds. Of course one can do all this at home, but they have a greater charm now, as Time, this God of our epoch, finally lies at your feet like a faithful dog? You start in the morning at 8 in the yawl, and just tell me if you still think of your unpleasant neighbour back at home, who not long ago, would add annoying noises to your daily stress? Have a ride on those double bicycles with metal baskets for babies, and confess that you no longer need sleeping pills to have a fine rest! Ladies, young girls, gentlemen and grannies, do some sport every morning in your holidays, and you will feel twice as relaxed, says the fidgety Holiday Spirit. Try the oars (the sunset is great, seen from a boat), get into the large bowling halls and surprise your friends with your skill, run around in the water



as much as you can (all doctors recommend it as most efficient to improve peripheral circulation; it also makes ankles thinner!) Use your holiday hours for movement, this is the main source of youth and fine health. In case anyone will think this is a boring advice, the Holiday Spirit will retort: "every beginning is difficult. It takes some time till you start, then..."

Gheorghe Dumitru, the chief of the Lebăda pier in Mamaia, is of the same opinion. Every summer he sees a multitude of curious people who come first to look and then become ardent beneficiaries of the new hydrobicycles made of fiber glass in Galați and of the Aberglass boats made at Regin (the town where fine violins and skis are produced)! The movement of the boats upon the lake really reminds one of a «lebăda» (swan). Here we met Ingela and Ake Persson from Sweden — the town of Floby. Maybe they will not remember many details about the place but they are sure to remember that sunny day when the hydrobicycle carrying them about the Siutghiol lake made them feel light, carefree, and happy.



The Treasure of Constanța

Dobrudja: rocky land washed by the waters of the Danube, Danube Delta and the Black Sea; become a fruitful garden and seaside resort in the last few decades. The Danube — Black Sea canal, a highway of fresh water, passes through the area. The branches of this canal form a comprehensive irrigation system, increasing the fertility of fields of wheat, orchards, and vineyards. Millions of vacationers, from every continent, cross Dobrudja on their way to the sunshine, sand, and salt water, and the comfort and hospitality of the Black Sea coast, the ever more popular "Romanian Riviera".

In November 1878, as a result of the War of Independence, also known as the Romania-Russian-Turkish war, Dobrudja was returned to its homeland, after having spent five centuries under the rule of the Ottoman Empire. One of the first acts of the Romanian authorities was the creation, in the summer of 1879, of a small museum of antiquities originating from private collections, in a couple of rooms of the famed Constanța prefecture.

For many decades, the museum had no building of its own, though famous archaeologists found treasure after treasure at sites in Histria, Adamclisi, Callatis, Capidava, Babadag and many other places. The earth, the great conservator, generously offered evidence concerning the thousands of years of history of the people living between the Danube and the Sea.

Finally, the passionate archaeologist Vasile Canarache, newspaperman, traveller and great collector of antiquities, succeeded in gathering together a group of young, energetic, and enthusiastic people. After gaining the unqualified support of the local authorities, the **Constanța Museum of Archaeology** opened on December 30th, 1957. Soon the museum became the leading centre of specialized historical and archaeological research in Constanța, and was visited yearly by tens of thousands of tourists.

Owing to the continuing increase in research, which revealed many artifacts of inestimable value, even this building became too small. Together, the municipal administration, archaeologists, historians, architects, and museologists agreed upon a new home for the museum: the most impressive and original building in the town, the headquarters of the former townhall, was erected between 1911—1921 in Romanian style (the school of the architect Ion Mincu) in Ovid Square (Piața Ovidiu).

In front of the building is the statue of the great Latin poet (who was exiled by the Romans to Tomis), a symbol of the historical origins of the Romanian people. And quite near is the Roman Edifice, containing mosaic, and other vestiges of stone, brick, and marble left by the Romans and by the Greeks in this ancient port city. On December 25, 1977, the **Constanța Museum of National History and Archaeology** was opened here, the worthy outcome of much organizational effort and joint commitment.

It would be impossible to describe, however concisely, the entire historic panorama displayed in the windows, recesses, corridors, and rooms of this magnificent museum. Each exhibit, whether of full, three-dimensional artifacts or maps, pictures, models, or of original documents, paintings, manuscripts, or facsimiles, books, colored slides, etc. — tellingly speak of epochs, events, personalities, and social, political, economic,

and cultural relations from the Middle Paleolithic age (about 100,000—35,000 years B.C.) up to the present. The current director of the Museum, **Dr. Adrian Rădulescu**, describes how this comprehensive set of material is arranged: "The manner of presentation and the museological content are the latest in the field; they follow the basic idea of our historical evolution, in the normal order of events, without break or gaps — one epoch generates another epoch, and itself the culmination of another epoch; they all condition one another".

Where does one start, in this quiet empire, full of artifacts recalling by-gone ages? The neolithic epoch shows a rich display of ceramic belonging to the **Hamangia culture**, and two outstanding clay figurines, now famous all over the world under the names of "The Thinker" and "Sitting Woman". They were found while digging upon a hill near the town of Cernavodă, and are masterpieces of the plastic art of that period. The Bronze Age (3,000—2,000 B.C.) witnessed the formation of the first Thracian tribes and left wonderful stores of sickles and axes, and a Micenean sword (14th century B.C.) found at Medgidia stands evidence of the early relations established between the local population and the Aegean world. These relations increased and became more varied in the Bronze Age. At the same time, because of the process of Greek colonization of the West Pontic bank big towns — the ports of Callatis, Tomis, and Histria — appeared. The establishment, 2050 years ago, of the first centralized and independent Dacian state, led by Burebista, resulted in a flourishing period of the Dobrudja region which left many vestiges. Most of the material and spiritual artifacts pertaining to the history of this area are from the periods of the Roman and then Roman and Byzantine rule, which together lasted about one thousand years in all of **Scythia Minor**. Jars, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, agricultural tools, sarcophagi, coins, ritual objects, gold and silver jewelry, jewelry vases, weapons, marble columns, fragments of aqueducts — all give the museum's visitors a picture of the complex development of crafts, city planning, and other aspects of the way of life in that period.

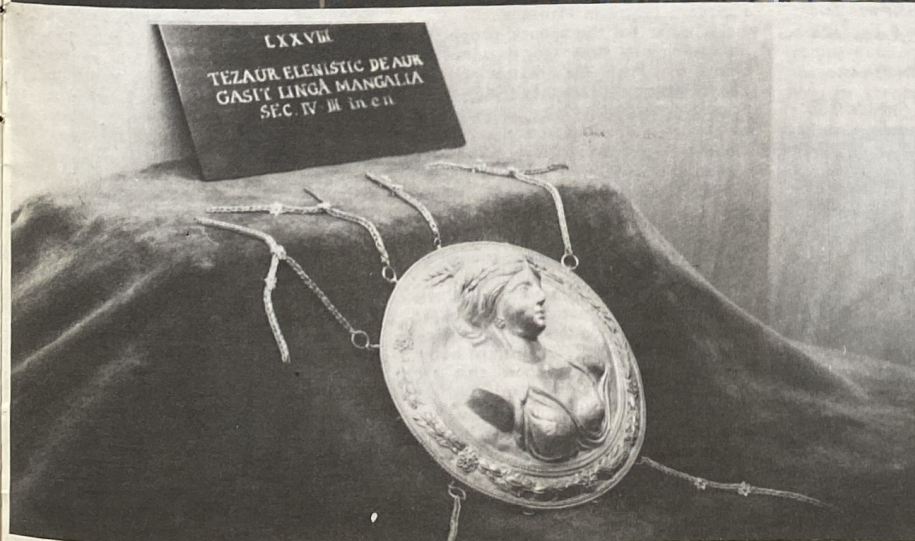
Evidence of the massive penetration of Christianity is striking: during the 4—7 centuries of Roman-Byzantine domination there were several bishoprics in the region, and the centre in Tomis had the rank of a metropolitan church.

A reconstructed Romanian house from Capidava (a citadel and town on the right bank of the Danube) is particularly suggestive of everyday life by the end of the first millennium of our era; also worthy of note is the ceramic vase upon which is inscribed the earliest known mention of an ancestral Romanian name — Petre. Next come, successively, all the greatest stages and moments in the history of Dobrudja as a focus of Romanian nationalism, beginning with the period of the first local feudal alliances and the rule of Mircea the Old, the first Romanian voivode to win a victory over the expanding Ottoman power, by defeating the sultan Baiazid Ildirim at Rovine, on October 10, 1394. The assembled artifacts all show clearly the continuity of existence of the Romanians, for almost two millennia now, in the Carpathian-Danubian-Pontic area.

Let us conclude this brief description of the Constanța museum with mention of the halls



which exhibit monuments of a special artistic and historical value, rarities and unique finds in the European East: 228 Greek vases (14—4 century B.C.), a collection of figurines of the Tanagra type (made by the workshops in Histria, Tomis and Callatis), and the treasure of 24 ancient sculptures (2—3 century A.D.) found in 1963 while preparing the foundation for a block of flats upon the location of the former railway station in Constanța. Archaeologist Dr. Adrian Rădulescu said about the "Tomis Treasure": "Some of its exhibits, such as the Fantastic Serpent, are unique in the world. The group of statues known as "Fortuna with Ponthos" and the double representation of the goddess **Nemesis** are outstanding artistic achievements. There are also several re-



presentations of the Thracian Knight, a divinity typical of the regions inhabited by the most numerous people of antiquity: after the Indians, next came the Thracians, according to Herodotus. Other bas-reliefs represent gods of the Greco-Roman pantheon: **Cybela, Esculap, Hermes, Selene, Bacchus**, and others."

You behold these treasures and you cannot take your eyes off them. The statues have no souls, no reason! But those who carved them had, and so do those who placed them here an exhibit, as do all those who come from all over the world to admire them! That is why we named the new museum on the shore of the Black Sea "The Treasure of Constanta". It is living history book, constantly open.



OF THE COAST

An autograph in ten minutes

In a resort, the promenade which starts at five or six o'clock on the coast and probably continues with an ice or a pastry or with a longer stop in the entertainment park (wheels moving beetles with hats and bright eyes, racing cars, merry go rounds, all sorts of funny inventions enjoyed by knee-highs and grown-ups) — this sight would satisfy the eye of a movie producer looking for a "picturesque landscape". Ladies and young girls dress in white, pink, purple, they put on "gypsy" skirts, rustling silks and perfume. The grannies take their jackets; fathers leave their newspapers at home, contenting themselves to comment on the news as they walk along; little girls take care of their freshly pressed dresses; little boys stick out their tongues at passers by, eager to take hold of the fluffy tail of some fine dog; young men look at the crowns of the trees, apparently absent minded, but able to tell you exactly the number of slender girls who have passed by, with bright eyes and red cheeks... The afternoon walk is a

pleasant moment, even an exciting one, with the crowd moving along the alleys, in and out of the shops and summer terraces, always abundant with smiling faces, rested and sun tanned. The resort of Jupiter is no exception to the rule of the afternoon walk; a group of Czechs out to look around can not be disturbed for more than a minute for what we call "a short interview". Just enough to learn the essentials: yes, they are enjoying their stay; yes, the weather is beautiful, the sea water pleasant, the accacias green, and the rooms and verandas of the Mimoza hotel — the hotel they are staying at — most comfortable. All of them were miners and miners' wives from the town of Příbram. They were merry, delighted with their encounter with the sea and the beach. They wrote down their eight names, and now we want to send them greetings from Jupiter, upon a card representing a glimpse of the 1979 summer: Mlcoch Josef, Mlcochova Liubnic, Melinova Marie, Slchta Arnast, Bican Miloslav...



Mlcoch Josef
Mlcochova Liubnic
Melinova Marie
Slchta Arnast

Bican Miloslav
Bicanova Miloslava
Bicanova Marie
Bicanova Milena



Holidays and Health

Neo-Thalassotherapy

The word "thalassotherapy" comes from the Greek words "thalassa" meaning sea and "therapia" meaning improvement or cure, which together refer to the treatment of various disorders by means of sea baths or by sea climate.

Neo thalassotherapy, the new medicine of the sea, brings new elements. The traditional sea cure was based, as is well known, upon the climatic factors, the meteorological, solar and geological ones. The modern sea cure lays the stress upon the therapeutic properties of the sea water. This is why the latter is not only used in the form of normal sea baths, but also as baths in swimming pools with heated sea water, showers, or sprays and even as parenteral shots.

Neo thalassotherapy also comprises the usual massage and massage under water, mud packs, gym, and sea weed applications; ultraviolet and infrared rays, occupational therapy (ergotherapy). Traditional sea treatment was usually done during the summer season, while the neo thalassotherapy was carried out round the year. This is why many neothalassotherapy centres were erected recently upon various coasts of the seas. In our country there is such a modern centre in Mangalia.

Sea water has therapeutic properties intuited a long time ago. It is not by chance that Plato, the greatest philosopher of antiquity, nursed by the Egyptian priests, got rid of his physical sufferings by means of this "plasma deprived of albumin". He would say: "The sea washes away all the evils of men".

It is not by chance either that Hippocrates, the greatest doctor of antiquity, strongly recommended warm sea water for many disorders of his patients, as if intuiting its antibiotic qualities.

If we were to identify what gives the sea water its therapeutic value, we ought first of all to mention the ions it contains, with a beneficial effect upon the body. Modern investigations show that the human skin is not a mere biological bag separating us from the outside environment, a border between us and nature, for it has been proved that the skin has complex communication properties in both directions.

From certain standpoints, the skin may be looked upon as a real breathing

apparatus. As it is not impervious, the micro elements of the sea, particularly the ions of calcium, magnesium, potassium, and iodine can penetrate into the interior of the body, especially when the water is warm.

In the second place, one should know that certain oligoelements present in the sea water, which have a biocatalyzing action, are stored in sea weed. This is the reason why the latter are also used in neothalassotherapy.

In the third period, we should not forget the bactericid and protective properties of the sea water. While certain germs cannot grow in this environment and consequently vanish, on the contrary, other biological elements feel in the sea water as in a real amniotic liquid. There are far more reasons accounting for the irresistible medicine of the sea, particularly of this magnetism of natural therapy. As we know, life, in its primary and primitive forms, first appeared in the sea — at least on our planet. Therefore the sea is a great original matrix. The human being, as a form of life, undoubtedly comes from the sea too. The fact that many of its activities and investigations bring it back to this original matrix is quite normal. This instinctive return to the sources of life is something similar to the longing for one's parents' home, or one's homeland. As a mother's milk is our first doctor, so the sea, by its water, is the first doctor of the human species.

For thousand and one reasons we have to consider ourselves children of the sea and feel fine in its water. It is not by chance that Baudelaire, in a great verse, said "Homme libre, toujours tu chériras la mer" that is, "free man, you will always cherish the sea". The Romanian Mateiu Caragiale described in his "Princes from the Old Court" a strange character, Paşadia, who once in a while, went to a "secret mountain" and returned fortified and full of energy. Another Romanian writer, Al. Macedonski, also depicted a hero in his short story called "Thalassa" who, whenever exhausted and worried, would jump into the sea and come out full of strength and carefree.

One question

for Mrs. Appelt



I think that before leaving for her holiday, Mrs. Christa Appelt — an architect in East Germany — often hears the following question from her associates, friends, and relatives: "You're going to Romania **again**?" Their curiosity is rather normal, for over the last ten years the holidays of Mrs. Appelt have only one destination: Mamaia — Romania. It is here that we found her, reading our magazine in the mild afternoon light: "Ferien in Rumänien"; only our modesty stops us from telling you what she said of it, a rather sly modesty, as you can see. But Mrs. Appelt could not get away from that question even during her vacation:

"Well, why did you choose Romania?"

"I ought to answer first, why Mamaia? But the answer can be seen, heard, felt", and Mrs. Appelt pointed at the clear sky, whispering sea and golden sand. "As for Romania, well, the fact that I have here more friends than at home, isn't that enough of a reason? I have friends in Constanța, Sibiu, Bucharest..."

"Oh, so there is more than just Mamaia."

"Oh, Mamaia is all right, but from here I have taken trips to many parts of the country. I've been to the Carpathians, Făgăraș, Sibiu, Piatra Craiului. I have seen Histria and I must tell you that as an architect, when I saw its ruins I understood the spirit of the place, a spirit that I perceived without being able to define it. I mean, I suppose, the Greek Latin synthesis. Histria, with its ancient walls, made me see Athens and Rome blended together... But if I were to choose, I would say that Moldavia is the place that I like best, especially the medieval monuments to the north... Nowhere else is nature so generous with its people; nowhere else do people seem so worthy of the gifts of nature. Generally speaking, all the Romanians are friendly, light hearted, and they like to receive guests; this is why a holiday for me means Romania."

As we heard this, we felt quite proud, for we felt that next year too, Mrs. Christa Appelt's friends would keep asking the same question: "Well, are you really going to Romania **again**!?"

FOR TRIPS:

Information and booking in all the resorts of the Romanian coast contact the desks set up in the lobbies of the following hotels:

MAMAIA: Dacia, Parc, Victoria, Perla, Aurora, Meridian, Doina, Flora, Condor, Național, Tomis, Majestic, Internațional, Riviera, Central, Dorna, Vega, Caraiman

EFORIE NORTH: Perla Mării, Bran, Union, Selenă, Europa, Meduza, Dunărea

EFORIE SOUTH: Flamingo, Cosmos, Măgura

NEPTUNE: Amfiteatru, Doina, Decebal

JUPITER: Cozia, Capitol

VENUS: Cora, Ileana, Raluca

SATURN: Hora, Mangalia



A beach called Angelika

It is noon. There are many people in the camp ground near "The Pirates Inn" in Mamaia, the most Northern highlight of the resort. Gas stoves burn among the tents, dishes are cooked to satisfy any gourmet in the world: on the corner, you feel the Hungarian gulasch, in another one — the Berlin salad, Prague Schnitzel, Italian spaghetti or the Polish dumplings called **pulpety**, while the Romanian "mititei" and "frigărui" (meat grilled upon a spike) are being prepared upon the grill of the buffet, where beer bottles are cooled in boxes with ice hidden under shelves with Russian vodka, Italian vermouth, native plum brandy, and wines. Nearby one can buy vegetables and fruit, bread, cigarettes, post cards, and beach items, so, like in any campground in the world, you need not leave the parking place to get supplies. We go through this peasant Babylon which delights our photoreporters — a fine opportunity for snap shots and after pushing aside the thick bushes near the beach, we reach the almost deserted sands at the end of Mamaia. The place is not even crowded at mid-day, when children find here delicate shells and lizards. The beach is mostly swept over by a storm, dried by the sun, aired by the breeze. But one has to play for the advantage of being closer to nature, and we realized this as soon as we laid down upon our beach towels: we felt a fat shell moving under one elbow, a lizard under the nape, a bug under the shoulder...

Somewhat further on there was a big rectangle upon the clean sand. All round, we see a border of shells and the word "Angelika", also made of shells. "Bless you, diligent Angelika" I said, entering

the little refuge, cleared of other occupants, and feeling right happy, I would be a liar if I pretended that any of us felt any guilt when about two hours later, a young couple went to lie down about 10 meters from us.

We had no idea why they gave us such a reproachful look, as they passed by. Little by little, the light turned from bright white into a greenish tinge resembling the color of the sea. The sea also changed, the waves were whispering, the sea gulls shouted, and there were children's voices in the distance. Suddenly the shutter of our camera, resembling the sound of a pneumatic gun, broke the silence; the two young people reading side by side near us, made to a fine picture to be missed. This is how we met Angelika. She was reading a novel by Irwing Stone, her husband, Frank Herzog, one by Konstantin Sedih. I learned that they were from East Germany, they were 24 and 29 years old, had come for the first time to Romania with their car and tent, and intended to stay three weeks, longer than they had intended at the beginning.

"What is it that you like here best?" "The sea — it is so warm", said Angelika.

"...and always different", Frank added.

"How do you find the camping ground?"

"Fine. There is plenty of room there"

"And the beach?"

"The beach!?" Angelika smiled. She looked towards the rectangle bordered with shells.

It was only then that we understood. Before leaving, we wrote in white shells upon the smooth sand, "DANKE".

HOURS



OF THE COAST

The Lovers



A bluish light shines above the sand of the beach. The sky above is a deeper blue, and there seems to be a kind of music in the air, as if made on purpose for the peace of one's soul. It is six o'clock, and the sun goes down slowly towards the unseen border of the evening, spreading in the air an amber glow which gave the white geometry of the villas a silken appearance, and the hotels — "Ileana" and "Raluca" close to us, and "Egreta" and "Condorul" somewhat farther away — seem to get thinner, resembling ships ready to head out on the sea. Some comic prehistorical animals with big astonished eyes and round muzzles move forward upon the tiny lake and the sea, now made slightly wavy by the breeze — these are yellow hydro-bicycles which in a short time will be arranged near the shore in a merry entertainment squadron, waiting quietly for the outings of the next morning. The sea water laps gently on the rocks green with moss and the small oddly shaped stones — hearts, horses, guns, or witches. Children with cheeks like peaches and even adults spend hours looking at them, not able to decide which one to choose. The hosts searched long and hard for a name for the place; they rightly thought that the white buildings erected by architects here would be best named after the goddess of beauty, spring, and greenery. Venus therefore protects the resort and the thousands of holidaymakers coming here every summer, surrounded by lots of real-life Cupids, firmly decided not to give up their great sand cakes and castles, sea baths and strongholds erected with care and toil. These Cupids, the playing, have been out since the dawn; they understand each other perfectly, in the same language of joy they express

their wish to play with the sea. They plan extraordinary adventures with little fishes, shells, and medusas for "to morrow", imagine taking along colored balls and huge balloons made of sea froth, or secret ships with clouds for sails.

There is no wonder that at such a time you might come across a courageous and happy Marco Polo, running along the beach of Venus, clapping his hands near the water smelling of sea weeds! Even if he spells his name with a k and in only four years old, such a boy is always ready to run into the water at an amazing speed and oblige his parents to stay out on the beach till late in the evening. Of course, **Marko Radomsky**, his real name, has got an accomplice too, his older sister Andra. "Let's go to the beach mommy", they say lovingly, but firmly, though they had spend the morning in the same way. From two to seven, they are out near the sea, all four. They come from the town of Ham, in the Ruhr region in West Germany, and here, at Venus, they like their bungalows in the holiday village. Now the Radomsky family prepares for a picture: Marco is dressed in red, with "Marine boys" proudly written upon his T shirt. Andra changed her suit and joined "mommy" and "daddy". Their smiles mean "it's fine, it's great", expressing the peace and happiness of the holidays.

...At this time, when the night is near, Venus and the Cupids stay out to listen to the whispers of love uttered by the Sea. The lovers remain entwined on the shore and silently look at the water. Nearby, the kids continue laughing and exploring the sand, and its crinkly rug of sea shells... In fact, what are children but beautiful and innocent lovers of the Planet?



She is with her mother



"...Have you heard what the French say «Partir, c'est mourir un peu» ("To leave is to die a little")?"

We are sitting upon the terrace drinking a cold Pepsi Cola and suddenly, Holiday Spirit who until then had blown tiny balloons with his straw, asked this question, with no connection to the surrounding peace, sunshine, and people lying with their eyes shut near the swimming pool...

"That is what they say, but as far as I know, you do not intend to leave", I said.

"No. But I saw a boy with very sad eyes!"

"Maybe he had a toothache".

"Sad"—repeated Holiday Spirit, reproachfully looking at me for my prosaic supposition. "He leaves tomorrow for Dusseldorf. Is the town of Rotheim also in West Germany?"

This Spirit always used to jump from one topic to another. I thought he was interested in geography now. We ordered some more Pepsi Cola and were silent for a while. Then he took some pink shells out of his pocket and arranged them upon the table, in the shape of a heart.

"Do you like the name Odette?" he finally whispered.

"It's a nice name, it makes you think of a girl with fair hair and blue eyes. It is an old name, of German origin". I made use of my linguistic knowledge. "It belongs to the same family as Otilia, Odilia and even... Othello. Haven't you seen the film "Otilia's Enigma", after George Calinescu's novel? A young student of medicine, called Felix, falls in love with the niece of a mean old man. Otilia was very beautiful".

Do you suppose Holiday Spirit is in love with a girl named Odette? the thought crossed my mind. But then, why the Dusseldorf boy? Such a puzzle was hard to solve when everybody was out on the beach or prepared to take a trip

to Bucharest or even to the North of Moldavia.

"Odette is packing now", Holiday Spirit uttered his words slowly. "She is 17 years old. Odette Werner... She has come for the first time to spend her holiday at Mamaia, in Romania. Tomorrow she will go back home, to Rotheim. She would like to take up architecture".

"Very nice profession", I thought I could change his melancholic mood. "You may build hotels, villas... Think of the holiday makers who will sleep in them!"

"How far is Romania from Dusseldorf?" asked Holiday Spirit, looking at the heart made of shells upon his table.

So that was it... I thought I began to understand something. I was sorry I had no map with me.

"Now they will probably go together to the Siutghiol lake and contemplate the sunset", he said. "Maybe they won't laugh any longer, they will keep quiet and count the little waves of the lake. I think they both have a picture with the Caraiman hotel. That's the place where they met. The boy's name is **Gregor Papenfuss**. He is also 17 years old..."

"What about her?"

"What about her?" repeated Holiday Spirit, and it seemed to me I saw the very look of Gregor, the boy he had just mentioned. "She came with her mother".

We looked at one another and started arranging the shells upon the table as nicely as we could. I was sure we were both thinking of the same thing: at seventeen, the French saying was not so sad! There is the telephone, one can use the mail!

And there will be so many other holidays! Maybe next year we shall meet them again here, upon the banks of the Siutghiol lake! The same thing seemed to be confidently said by the sparrow which has suddenly appeared and hopped right in the middle of the heart bordered with shells.



OF THE COAST

"Music is my first life"

At Saturn, quite close to the hotels heated by solar power, you will come across a big hut with a pointed roof made of reeds, with a sign on which the name of the most popular bird of the Danube Delta is written — the Pelican, the white bird with a wide orange beak. Inside, some real trees extend their green branches over the tables; in the morning and at noon, long sun rays create a pleasant restful light. The guests eat the fish dishes mentioned by my colleague Mihai Creangă in his cuisine itinerary. Here, at the Pelican, a little boy wearing a "Spielhose" may be seen every evening, together with another one, displaying his teeth in a

Buch, Harry Haufe, Heinz Schulz, Axel R. Spatt and Bernd Roitzsch — the last one not only a passionate "Mann am Klavier" but also a talented composer. "Music is my first life", is the name of one of the favorite melodies of the Phonolog band; it is not only the name of a song, but also a slogan honoured by the Berlin musicians with talent and earnestness.

There are also four other members of the team who oversee the fine operation of the electronic devices, which total 1,600 watts of power, according to the youngest member of the Phonolog, Bernd Ulenboom, aged 24.



The Phonolog band, unfortunately minus its jack-of-all-trades conductor Harry Haufe

sly smile near the telephone, a kid secretly kissed a little girl taller than he was, a fat baby and a sort of Gavroche with fair hair, ready to play tricks. Of course, their images are now but pictures out of the family album, but whoever saw them as the five members of the Phonolog band, understands the applause and encores which met the fine musical formation from East Germany, the enthusiasm of the holidaymakers spending their evenings at the Pelican. As they introduced themselves, "eine Gruppe junger Musiken mit Spass am Humor und Freude an Musik", the band preserved the innocence, exuberance, warmth and sincerity of the "Golden age" even as grown ups. The stage is loaded with instruments and amplifiers (the special equipment weighs 3 tons), the waves of music remind one of the laughter of the former children, now turned into a drum, two guitars, a "keyboard" and a piano. The musicians are **Herald**

Harry Haufe, the head of the orchestra (a sort of Jack of all trades, manager, driver, and an expert in guitar and bass) remembered Bucharest, he had been here about 12 years ago: "I played at the restaurant called after our capital, Berlin, as a proof of friendship. The atmosphere was pleasant, warm, I liked the Romanians and, as you may see, I learnt some Romanian too. Sometimes I find it hard, I miss my words, and when I have no other solution, I appeal to our great lover, the Music. She may so simply say what you cannot render into words... As to the meeting of our band, the Phonolog, with the Black Sea, this is no novelty any longer... We are part of the family now, we got used to the landscape, we have friends, we are more than visitors. We performed at Saturn three summer seasons; the first one, at the restaurant Aladin. Of course we shall be back in summer, we like not only the Romanian



Gaby Meoz, an old friend of Romania

coast, but the audience as well. A fine audience who knows how to listen and enjoy music. We play everything, disco particularly, the latest passion of the young people, pop-rock, reggy — as the Jamaica tunes are called... and everything people would like to hear. Of course we also learned the famous tune of the Romanian dance Perinitza, and we enjoy the atmosphere of merriment and kisses the tune creates. We also play the wellknown romance "Little bird, move your nest and go" and the "Skylark" (Ciocirlia) played upon a Pan pipe. We have a soloist, **Gaby Meoz**, who is also an old friend of Romania and its coast. She sang in 1970 at Eforie, then from 1973 to 1976 at Mamaia. Our leisure time? Sunny and pleasant, same as for the holidaymakers, but shorter, of course! We stay at Tosca, like last year; we like it there. Personally, I would like to spend a vacation in the resort of Olimp, at the Amfiteatru hotel. The Cătu-nul restaurant at Aurora is a fine place for an orchestra such as ours and we would have liked to play there. We are not the first to say that we fully experienced the fact that we are in a friendly country, with kind people. Once I went to Poiana Braşov, in the mountains and I was delighted by the landscape. I would like to play there in winter, for the tourists who spend there their vacation. Maybe ARIA, the Romanian Agency for Artistical Impresario could arrange this.

There is something else we thought about: a tour about several towns of Romania, where we shall sing for the young people, for any audience that, like here, welcome the message of understanding and friendship of the Music.

In the evening, when stars light up in the sky all over the coast, the whisper of the waves seems to grow softer on purpose, to let the sounds of the waltzes, blues, tangos, or of the latest dances rise in the air undisturbed.

People sing and dance at Mamaia, Neptune, Costineşti, Jupiter; they whisper the joy of holiday. The unseen clock of the water seems also to sing, to a late hour, a song calling down on earth the ancestral secrets, still undiscovered, of the moon.

Her name was

I stayed one summer at the "Europa" hotel in Eforie North. I had one room on the fifth floor, overlooking the sea, and I liked to sit there at night. A pleasant music, with some violins and flutes, came from the balcony above — probably some other people in love with darkness who contemplated like me the lights of the ships anchored at sea. Whenever I went up, at about 9 pm, to resume my seat and watch that restful show, I would meet my neighbour, dressed up with a butterfly bow and a flower in his buttonhole, on the point of locking his door. He was a Parisian about 45 years old, with the lively look, full of curiosity and slightly melancholic, of a sleep walker. The "Europa" was full of motorists travelling by car all over the world; his green Chevrolet was always parked on the right side of the entrance, facing the sea. As the holidays represent a period when anyone may do what he likes, I never wondered what mysterious places or persons await the Parisian who would leave every evening at the same hour, with always fresh flowers and bows matching his suits. We merely exchanged smiles and nodded to one another as if saying "good evening, good bye, everything is all right" and minded our own business. Some three weeks later we happened to have our chaise-longues next to one another upon the beach separating the "Belona" hotel from the sea. It was a late August afternoon, when the air foretold the yellow peace of autumn, and the sea made you think of migratory birds. We exchanged greetings, made some remarks on the beauty of the hour then, after keeping quiet for a while, the Parisian asked me the very question I would have liked to ask him: "How do you spend the nights, do you enjoy them, generally speaking?" I thought a little before answering, I did not know if he was interested in music and in the ships anchored at sea. Probably he didn't expect any such a topic, for he started immediately to speak about the veils, the beads, and the white arms undulating like in the stories of one thousand and one nights, the dancing girls and the people who accompanied them clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tambourines of the "Orient" nightclub in Mamaia. Little by little, his words brought to life fair and dark girls dancing an amazing "Can-Can" dressed with scores of colourful frills, blackstockings, patent leather shoes, depicted pigeons, hares and water jets streaming out of the sleeves and top hat of a magician, Indian dances, a man who broke a pile of bricks or a thick chain with one stroke.

He told me his name was Jean. Jean-Baptiste Masson, and he was a commercial traveller.

"I wander like that every night, said Jean Baptiste after a long silence. I have been to



Veronica

Munich, Prague, Martinique, Venice, Kiev... I never missed a nightclub show, I prepare myself like a Romeo. Do you know why? Do you want to know? For I have been



looking forward for years for an encounter. I have to meet **her**. I was quite young after the war, and I saw **her** one night in a Munich nightclub. **She** was dancing an Argentinian tango. **She** had green eyes and reddish hair, same colour as the leaves under our balconies. Her name was Veronica. One day I had to leave with an order for Australia. When I returned, I couldn't find **her** anywhere, and since then... I was wearing a rose in my buttonhole when I met **her**. **She** will recognize me, won't she? I haven't put on any weight, I am not bald, so...

It was only then that I noticed that Jean Baptiste had blue eyes and the smoke of his cigarette curled in the air as if spelling a name...

That's the end of it! Our car had about four breakdowns, so we tried to get a tan in the moonlight! Now it is snowing, it is January and we, like God Janus, the one with two faces, think both of the way we spent our 79 holiday and the next, the one of 1980.

And everything will start all over again; our deputy editor in chief — Toma George Maiorescu — is a poet, and he will send us again to try and catch the many coloured butterflies of the sea. We have for each of you a smile and a handful of shells:

Natalia DUMITRU,
photoreporter;
Anda RAICU,
reporter;
Mihai CREANGĂ,
reporter;



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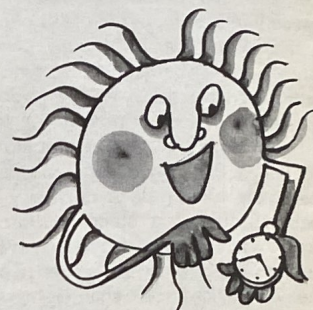
AT A GIGEA, A SMALL SEA OF FLOWERS

Over the years the sand brought by the winds has formed some dunes, only four km from the resort of Eforie North. And recently they have become a wonderful natural reserve, where the experts have found over 120 species of plants with flowers and many species of animals.

In spring and in summer, this is a real paradise of colours and wild flavors, of bees and butterflies. Here are rare flowers which may captivate both the botanist and anyone in love with the beauty for hours: yellow sand flowers, varieties of fir trees, white and yellow violets, red poppies, bindweeds, bright blue flowers of the rock onion. The Agiea reserve is a fine place for the famous *Testudo graeca iberica* — the Dobrudja turtle, protected as a monument of nature, and for the Camberwell beauty, an insect with strange material habits (after mating, the female devours the male), and for the fat Spanish sparrow

"Pontici fibri", indicating their existence in large number at Pontus Euxin (now called the Black Sea).

"Cocos" (Cock) — the name of the hill at Niculițel, famous in Dobrudja for its vineyards, reminds us that once these forests abounded in the strong voices of the mountain cocks. They are still to be found in the forests covering Romania's mountains. As for the horses, the Dobrudja steppes were rich in wild horses (*Equus gmelini*, *Equus hemionus*) and *Saiga tatarica*. Strabon thought that the famous Dobrudja small horse was but a wild horse tamed by the Thracians and Scythians, great horse lovers and riders.



SOME ADVICES FOR THOSE GOING TO THE BEACH

Doctors say the sun helps the increase in number of the red cells and of hemoglobin, it makes the quantity of calcium and phosphorus in the body normal, helps the synthesis of vitamin D in the skin, and fortifies the nervous system. But sun bathing must be done carefully. The best time is between 7—11 in the morning, when the ultraviolet rays are less numerous; the greatest danger of sunstroke and sunburn comes between 11—1 pm, when the ultraviolet rays are at their peak. One should not stay too much in the sun during the first three days. Begin with 5 minutes sunbaths, and work-up gradually to a total of one hour. Children and old people should stay even less. Sunbathing is discouraged for people suffering from heart ailments, evolutive consumption, neuritis, neuro-vegetative disorders, hypertension, and rheumatism, and also for pregnant women and people suffering from hyperthyroidism.

A bath in the sea should last between 5 and 30 minutes and be done when the weather is sunny, at a water temperature above 20°C (—°F).



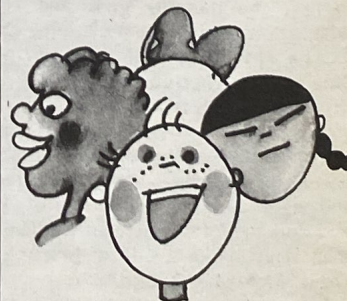
TORADORS IN ANCIENT TOMIS

Once upon a time, in the olden days, the land near the sea was covered with rich woods where buffalos, elks, cocks of the wood and European beaver used to live. Xenofon and Diodor of Sicily said in their writings that the inhabitants of the area, the Thracians and Scythians would drink their wine out of cups made of buffalo horns, with silver studs. In the 3-rd century of our era, the proud animals (they were to serve later as the symbol of power upon Stephen the Great's emblem for Moldavia) entered the arenas to fight with the strong men in Tomis (now Constanța). In 1929 the fishermen found elk horns in the Babadag lake, proof that the beautiful animal once lived there; in 1964 horns were found again, this time in Letea forest in the Danube Delta. Herodotus mentions the presence of beavers precious for



Dragoș SPITERU,
photoreporter;
Ilie ADRIAN,
driver of the team.

Other collaborators: **Valentin HOSSU-LONGIN** — "The Treasure of Constanța", page 14, **Nicolae DUMITRU** from the Romanian Broadcast — "Radio Holiday Hours", page 10 and the doctor **Arcadie PERCEK**, signatory of the column "Holidays and Health", page 16.



A CHILDREN'S CLUB

...was inaugurated in a hall of the "Bucharest" hotel in Mamaia. The young guests — hundred of Romanian and fo-

reign children — receive sweets and refreshing drinks while they watch a puppet show or a TV program — come-dies, cartoons, songs for children. In 1980 such children's clubs will be opened in all the resorts. The demand of the little ones is big!



...AND THE "SUN'S CHILD"

Here are the winners of the 1979 edition of the contest the "Sun's Child": Iulian Gălan, 5 years old, from Suceava, Romania — 1st place, Dominic Hepner, West Germany — 11nd place, Alexander Nemecek, Austria, 111rd place. Here is one encouraging detail for the future mini-stars of the next beauty contest: there is a majority of children among the members of the jury, the severity of which is reduced by means of sweets and lemonade!



NOW, WHEN EVERYBODY TALKS OF ENERGY!

Two more hotels in the resort of Saturn, "Cupidon" and "Tosca" will have warm water directly from the sun — just like the hotels "Alfa", "Beta" and "Gama"! The design of the device using sun heating is completely Romanian, and it is simple and inexpensive. It provides a rise in temperature of the water to 55° (when the weather is sunny). When cloudy, the hotels are once more connected to the usual heating system. We hope the great Ra will be on the side of those fond of "Sun showers".

THE "COMANDOR" HOTEL...

...in Mamaia would be a usual one, though quite new (opened in 1979) and fine. But the passion for flowers of the hotel director Dumitru Ioan added an attractive detail: a cactus garden, in fact a small botanical collection.

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY ITINERARY

Here are a few attractive places less known in Dobrudja: ● **Limanu cave** — 5 km West from the town of Mangalia, in an area of lime hills, with a labyrinth of galleries covering 3,200 m ● **The ornithological refuge Histria—Sinoe**, located near the vestiges of the ancient city of Histria, where a wonderful world of birds may be found in the peace of the moors and reeds — pelicans, egrets, spoon bills, singing swans, storks, eastern flossy ibises, etc ● **The Fintinița preserve** in Murfatlar (on the Constanța-Ostrov-Bucharest highway, between km 21—22) with rare species of Dobrudja flowers and animals.



THE SECOND DECADE

"The Sea Feasts" taking place in August all along the Romanian coast celebrated ten years of existence last year. They were inaugurated by a great carnival in the centre of Constanța. Attended by tens of thousands of people, God Neptune opened the procession, followed by forty allegorical floats and ten other floats with bands, folk music orchestras, and dancers. In 1980 the program will be even fuller, as the "Sea Feasts" enter their second decade of merriment.



MURFATLAR — 40,000

This is the figure indicating the number of visitors who taste every summer the wines of the most famous Dobrudja vineyard. An interesting wine museum is arranged there. Our advice: go to the museum first!

LOUIS NAGEL: Under the lucky sign of imagination



The wellknown editor Louis Nagel said in the summer of 1979, as he was paying his sixth visit to Romania: I must confess I came to your coast convinced that it would merely be for relaxation. That is, without any profit of information. I am acquainted with the big beaches of the world... Well, your coast surprised me. It seems to be luckily protected by the imagination of people who love the sea and the sun. They turned the new resorts round Mangalia into the most passionate love declarations that I have ever seen in new building complexes. For us, the elderly generation, this is a most pleasant return to the love manifested in the old times. The beauty of both the inside of the hotels and of the ground is remarkable.

In last decades the world has ignored the unique and warm style of the architects of the past. Instead they erected cheap and comfortable building reflecting the coldness of aluminium and plastic. The facilities are practical, but cold and aloof. The Romanian coast had the hospitality of the Moldavian monasteries, the peace and air of the mountains, the tonic simplicity of the setting of the Delta — all these privileges are so much coveted by the modern man; they are suggested not only by the architecture but also by the quality of the material use; wood gives warmth and intimacy, so does ceramic. Your folk art is so rich in ceramics. Frankly speaking, I could not imagine the Romanian coast of the Black Sea had such a wonderful personality".

These opinions express in few words the essence of Romanian tourism. In Romania — this wonderful window of Europe opened on Pont Euxin — tourism turns culture to account, and culture makes tourism rich. They hint at the future growth of great international tourism.

These statements may be accompanied by figures revealing the evolution of Romanian tourism: if in 1956 Romania has been visited only by 5,000 tourists from abroad, in 1979 Romania has been visited by over 3,500,000. In the period between 1971—1979 Romania has been visited by almost 30 million guests from almost all the countries of the world.

S. VLĂDESCU



I.A.P.L. SEGARCEA
invites you to visit one of its famous units
HANUL LUI MANUC
(Manuc's Inn)

located right in the centre of old Bucharest, near the Curtea Veche ("Princely palace"). Places at your disposal a 32 roomed hotel (52 beds) and 12 single-bedded rooms. In the princely wine-cellar (seated for 180), in the restaurant of the hotel (seated for 180), or in the terraces of the garden restaurant (seated for 400) you can enjoy special Romanian food (Bacchus'snack, filet à la Manuc, publican's meat croquette, grocer's salad, Byzantine salad) and taste some of the renowned Cotnari, Odobesti, Murfatlar wines and other kinds.